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CALEDONIA.

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CALLEDONIA

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P O E M.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL in the Strand.

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M,DCC,LXXVIII.

CALLEDONIA

P. O. F. M.

L O N D O N

Printed for T. CADELL in the Strand

MDCCLXXXIII



## P R E F A C E

**T**HIS Poetical Essay was occasioned by a visit to Invergary, and other parts of the Highlands of Scotland, in the year 1771.

The descriptive scenes were roughly sketched from objects as they presented to view, and dressed up at leisure-hours for the author's private amusement, but never meant to be exposed to the public eye, or censure of critics, until the migrations from the Highlands becoming more frequent, the muse dropt her gaiety, and took a more serious turn, when reflecting on these, and the state of Britain at that time, with regard to her American colonies. Apprehensive of her danger, he presumed his thoughts upon the subject might not be unworthy of the attention of her gracious Sovereign, and the guardians of her well-fare. Thus, unambitious of fame, the *amor patriae* had like to have prevailed, and made him step forth from obscurity into the  
a world,

world, at the risk of being severely handled for obtruding his crude compositions upon it.

But here he stopt appall'd, while the evil he dreaded has in some measure come to pass. But, late as it is to prevent it now, or to assume any merit from a prediction which the event has verified, he humbly presents this essay to the public, in hopes that what he has here loosely hinted at may be improved upon by wiser and more intelligent heads, and rendered of service to these kingdoms, by remedying in future those evils which he apprehended, and drawing the attention of the legislature more closely to the internal police, strength, and real interest of Great Britain and Ireland, without regard to individuals, or corporated societies.

If it can produce these happy effects, the author will patiently submit to the censure of criticism; as he would rather be esteemed a good citizen than a man of genius, a patriot than a poet.

ARGUMENT.



## A R G U M E N T.

*Description of the Highlands. Its most valuable productions. Manners and character of the natives. The hardships and inconveniencies they are subjected to by the law prohibiting their ancient dress. The late emigrations from that country; their causes and effects. A more impartial and liberal policy recommended. Propriety and wisdom of an attention to the peculiarities of their situation. Probable good effects of these on the internal police and strength of the kingdom in general. Danger of neglecting them, and colonizing the boundless regions of the American continent.*

## E R R A T A.

*Page 9. line 12. for reasoning read reasonings.*

*— 20 line 9 for there read their.*

*— 27. line 9. for at read to.*

*— lb. line 13. for houses read mansions.*



# CALEDONIA.

THROUGH rugged mountains clad in gloomy heath,  
And grizzly rocks that from their shaggy brows  
Stupenduous low'r, seen with imperfect view  
While dusky vapours float along their tops,  
And torrents roaring loud pour'd down amain,  
With tardy step we fought our lonely way,  
Until we reach'd the far-fam'd Corryerg \*.

A

Awful

\* Corryerg, or Corryarrick. This mountain, about six miles to the southward of Fort Augustus, the rebels took possession of in August 1745, in order to intercept Sir John Cope, with his little army, on his march to that fort, which obliged Sir John to wheel to the right, and take the road to Inverness. Here a few men may oppose and defeat a numerous and well disciplined

Awful and horrid, tow'ring 'midst the clouds,  
 His head in gloom impenetrable wrapt.  
 By slow degrees, and many a mazy path,  
 We gain'd his airy summit, drench'd in rain,  
 That whiten'd as it fell, congeal'd by cold,  
 And keen we felt its tooth, tho', in his course  
 Perrennial, Phoebus had not enter'd yet  
 The cooler regions of the fading year \*.

**A**  
 disciplined army: For the mountain is so high and steep, that the road is cut out on the face of it into a number of windings from top to bottom, which being banked on the upper side, there they can be secure, and take in flank, on every turn, any who dare ascend. On this the rebels marched southward, got possession of Edinburgh, arms, and ammunition, which they picked up there and on their route; so that, when Sir John landed with his troops at Dunbar, they were in a condition to receive him, and indeed gave him too warm a reception, which protracted the rebellion, fatal to themselves, and hurtful to their country.

\* Being the 7th September, the sun had not entered the constellation called Libra, or the Balance.



A distant lake, or river spreading wide,  
 Along a mountain's height\*, appearance rare,  
 Here opens to the view, like sheeted snow,  
 Or frozen water, glaring thro' the gloom;  
 And hills on hills in dread succession rise,  
 In ridges each to other parallel,  
 Till distant far, at length strain'd vision fails;  
 Some cloud-capt, others topt with snow, whilst screen'd  
 In clefts or shades, where winter through the year  
 Relentless reigns, the glist'ning white peeps forth.  
 Onward we went for some long weary miles,  
 Descending to the plain, a narrow vale,  
 Where undulated gently by the breeze,  
 The surface of a long extended lake,  
 Between two lofty mountains sunk, first meets  
 The eye †: Anon a fabric uniform  
 And fair, with bastions rises to the view,  
 And, seated by the water's edge, would seem

\* Lochgary, whence issues the river Gary.

† Lochness.

To

To lord it o'er the lake \*. Two leagues above  
 Lies Invergarry, where, with lordly sway,  
 The bold M'Donels, of Glengary sit'd,  
 Rul'd o'er their wild domain, environ'd here  
 With rivers, lakes, dark woods, and mountains high.  
 To modern manners now more reconcil'd,  
 Of blander virtues, by urbanity  
 Refin'd, the Chieftan's modern feat here looks  
 With milder aspect o'er the wat'ry plain †:  
 While west a little, founded on a rock,  
 Gray, moss o'ergrown, that jutting proudly bounds  
 Th' unfathom'd flood within a silent bay,  
 The antient castle rears his hoary head,  
 A venerable pile of awful ruin,  
 Of civil discord, fatal monument ‡.

Adown

\* Fort Augustus.

† The Chieftans formerly dwelt in castles and strong holds for security and defence; within this century, several of them are modernised. The lake called Lochoich covers the greater part of this narrow valley whereon the house stands.

‡ Blown up by the King's army in the rebellion 1746, though the present Chieftan

Adown the lakes and rivers now we stray :  
 But hark !  
 What sound of distant tumult strikes my ear ?  
 Or noisy thunder grumbling from afar ;  
 Or from its base, by earth's convulsive throes  
 Commov'd, some mountain tumbling from the clouds ?  
 Let us approach ; it swells now in the wind,  
 And lower still, stuns with its horrid din.  
 Look yonder whence it comes, in shooting smoke,  
 Or spouting spray, envelop'd ; nought is seen !  
 Now— now in dreadful majesty array'd,  
 A rugged front of wild mishapen rock  
 Presents to view a narrow chasm, where burst  
 In air sublime, with hoarse ear deaf'ning roar,  
 Fierce torrents upon torrents rudely hurl'd,  
 A rapid river's congregated stream,

B

That

Chieftan is firmly attached to government, served for a short while in the royal navy, and is the first protestant representative of his family ; being, while a minor, given in charge to the late worthy Doctor John Jardine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh.



That headlong rushes down the craggy steep,  
 And with impetuous force plung'd in a gulf  
 Profound, whirls round and round, boils, swells, and foams,  
 And flings about in wild uproar; then rolls  
 Tumultuous on; then sweeps along the dell.

While urg'd aloft, the flashing waters shoot,  
 And, scatt'ring as they fly, smoke wide, like steam  
 Forc'd from the bottom of a boiling lake,  
 Then fall in showers, and sprinkle all around.  
 Here waters rage, and rock-dash'd torrents roar,  
 Wide gaping pools in giddy circles wheel;  
 Here vapours mount, and rain descends, in rude  
 Confusion all; while from a trembling cliff,  
 Attain'd by painful and advent'rous step,  
 Impending o'er the turbulent abyss,  
 With horror struck, th' astonish'd gazer views  
 This wanton, uncouth, hideous sport of nature \*

Midst

\* The fall of Fyers is hard by the road betwixt Fort Augustus and In-  
 verness.

Midst Caledonia's hills, what various scenes  
 Of plastick nature strike the trav'ler's eye,  
 And with their forms, superbly awful oft,  
 Fix in amaze of rude magnificence!

In Æté's forest, wide, romantic, wild,  
 Far on the confines of a rugged vale,

verness. Three rivulets join at some distance above the fall, and form a considerable river before they reach it. The fall is seen very imperfectly from the road. To have it in full view, one must go down the road leading to the house of Fyers, and then ascend the hill. It is on the mountain or precipice which forms the south bank (if one may be allowed the expression) of Lochness, and the river thence runs a little way in a dell, before it discharges itself into the lake, which is about twenty-two miles in length in one direct line, and has another mountain for its boundary on the north, both so close to the edge of the water, that there is no level ground for a road between the lake and the mountains. The military road is cut out of the mountain and rocks hanging over the lake, which in many places being skirted with wood, is very pleasant and picturesque.

It had rained, without intermission, for twenty-four hours, at least, immediately before the author saw the fall of Fyers; so that it exhibited a most magnificent and striking scene of waters in all their dreadful glory.



A huge tremendous mountain bounds the view,  
 In Gaulic language *Bochalaeté* nam'd,  
*The lofty herdsman that o'erlooks the plain* \*.  
 For many a furlong stretching o'er the ground,  
 Obliquely from the level of the dale,  
 Imbrown'd with purpled heath, his bellying base  
 Sustains a wond'rous magnitude of rock:  
 Rising upright, and tap'ring as it mounts  
 In air, the naked spacious front presents  
 A daring brow, crag-skirted, keenly edg'd,  
 That ragged cuts the sky. A column round  
 And perpendicular, a solid mass  
 Of russet marble, gloomy ornament,  
 In figure rough, in bulk enormous, height  
 Gigantic, crowns his head, and tow'rs aloft,  
 Like Atlas, seeming to support the clouds,

And

\* *Bochalaeté* is literally the herdsman of *Æté*. There are several larger  
 and higher mountains in the Highlands; but this is the most remarkable and  
 striking object of them all that the author saw.



And rivets like the basilisk the look,  
Till giddy akes at length the gazing eye.

But for what purpose the Omniscient Power,  
The all-creative Being, has design'd  
Those mountains, cataracts, and barren heaths,  
'Tis vain for us, his creatures frail, to scan;  
Unerring He in all his various plans,  
In all his ways upright.—Let us not then,  
Bewilder'd in the fruitless search, our lack  
Of wisdom, and our bounded powers betray,  
Plung'd in a chaos of absurdity,  
Ideas wild, and reasoning unsound.

Hence then be banish'd doubt ; for 'tis enough  
These things are so ; the greatest, wisest, best,  
Has so resolv'd, and stamp'd it with his will :  
Let us be satisfied that all is right,  
And just and good the grand design.

But mid  
Those dreary wastes, those sullen, dismal scenes,  
C Where

Where nature low'rs, and seems in angry mood,  
 When least expected, rushes on the eye  
 Some sweet, delightful, variegated vale,  
 Begirt with mountains, and secure from storms,  
 Where ev'ry sun-beam darts with double force,  
 Caught and reflected by opponent rocks,  
 And gives a southern to a northern clime.  
 There lovely nature gayly dress'd, with smiles  
 Salutes the eye, pleas'd with her vernal bloom \*,  
 Diversified attire, enamel'd meads,  
 Enliven'd streams, and smooth pellucid lakes,  
 And woods with many a verdant beauty crown'd;  
 Some stretching up the hill, some waving high  
 In air, whilst thro' the voids the shaggy rocks  
 Shoot forth, or naked, or with ivy deck'd,  
 With elder, or with flow'ry woodbine flush'd;  
 And seem, while zephirs wanton in the leaves,  
 To shake their aged, venerable heads.

Here

\* The author has been in the Highlands at that season of the year.



Here gentle rills run trickling down, and lave,  
 Refresh, and cool, their wither'd parched sides ;  
 There sportive cataracts, in joyful pride,  
 Come pouring from their brows, and laugh and roar ;  
 Here broken glades with wild umbrageous groves,  
 And trees at random rising on the lawn,  
 A varied prospect to th' unwearied eye  
 Afford; while swiftly gliding through the vale,  
 Where thousand sun-beams glitter in the stream,  
 A river winds at will her mazy way.

If we, by probable conjecture, aught  
 Of Heaven's mystick will can form aright,  
 This contrast seems, by Providence, design'd  
 To sooth, and on the soul a quicker sense  
 Impress, for life's enjoyment, that the lone  
 Possessors of those wilds, and wastes remote,  
 With the repeated labours of the year  
 In climbing o'er those mountains bleak and bare,  
 In traversing those pathless desarts wide,  
 May mingle softer cares, domestic bliss,

With



With rueful objects, gay and chearful scenes,  
 With nature's horrid, nature's fairer forms ;  
 And here, in thought serene, the sweets of life  
 Enjoy, peace undisturb'd, and vacant ease.

Nor must the muse omit to sing the banks  
 Of sweetly winding Tay, which from the lake  
 Assumes the name; capacious source; by springs,  
 Brooks, rivulets, and rills, ne'er ceasing fed :  
 Besides, two rivers of no mean account,  
 That decorate its head, the conflux join,  
 And swell the flood. The one, with modest mien,  
 And silent pace, here smoothly flowing, yields  
 Her wat'ry store to the absorbent gulf \* ;  
 While there, o'er rugged rocks, with foaming waves,  
 The other rages rude, and loudly roars,  
 Rushing with rapid speed into the lake †,  
 That thus surcharg'd, and scorning all restraint,

Pours

\* The Lochy.

† The Dochart.

Pours forth at once a deep and copious stream,  
 Which as it glides along a pleasant vale,  
 Like Tempe fam'd of old, by many more  
 Encreas'd \*, majestic rolls his mantling tide:  
 While verdant slopes, and woods, and hills, adorn  
 The margin of the plain, with princely seats  
 Bedeck'd, where art and taste concordant join,  
 Nature's fair face to make more lovely still.

Now from those scenes romantically sweet,  
 Into a valley, fertile, fair, and wide,  
 Where verdure vies with Autumn's yellow hue,  
 And towns and villages smile on his banks,  
 He issues forth, and wider spreads his stream,  
 By fresh supplies still swelling as he flows †,  
 While here with slower pace he sweeps the vale.  
 At length the full accumulated flood,  
 As if by kindred love allur'd, now pours

\* The rivers Lyon, Almond, Tumble, and Brawn.

† The rivers Isla, and Earn, besides some brooks.



His ample store into the Ocean's lap,  
And sinks into a parent's circling arms.

Lochlomond still demands the muse's lay,  
Tho' first great object, yet the last unsung,  
Unwilling to attempt the arduous task,  
Unequal to the theme, where nature sports  
In gayest pride, and wantons in the eye.

To trace her beauties how shall I essay,  
And justice do to nature's varied charms?  
Where to the view a spacious lake presents  
Her peaceful bosom, scarce curl'd with the gale,  
That lightly skims along with zephyrs bland;  
Her sides indented with a hundred hills,  
A hundred different forms those hills assume,  
Of all those hundred hills Bealmond stands  
Confess'd the chief, tow'ring with portly pride,  
Who from the head surveys the wat'ry plain,  
Chequer'd with many a beauteous verdant isle,  
And all its curvatures along the coast,



To where the Leven, issuing from the lake,  
In silence seeks her elder sister Clyde.

Near to the shore, the eye with pleasure views  
An island fair, a farmer's sweet retreat;  
Where wave the corns, where cattle browse the mead,  
While children sportive play upon the beach,  
And in the shallows dip their little feet,  
Shunning the danger of the dark profound.

Another clad in green of baleful yew,  
Exhibits to the eye a gloomy shade,  
Lone residence, for melancholy fit.

Some gently rising from the water's brink,  
With lawns, with shrubs, and trees, diversified,  
With scenes more cheerful animate the view;  
While sev'ral scatter'd o'er the liquid plain,  
Near level with the water's surface lie.

Others

Others, with hill and dale, with woods and glades,  
 Look gay, where skulking in the thicket lie  
 The deer, to shun the noon-tide's sultry heat;  
 Or starting from the copse, look wistfully  
 Around, by noise alarm'd of rustling leaves;  
 Or careless grazing at a cooler hour,  
 In goodly flocks are seen, while by them frisk,  
 In chearful mood, the little sprightly fawns.

Some still a nobler perspective afford,  
 In rocky mountains rising from the lake;  
 Here, ragged, bare, and prominent; and there,  
 With woods thick woven, form a dark recess,  
 Whose pendent boughs nod o'er the humble wave,  
 In murmurs softly whisp'ring to the year,  
 As o'er the pebbly shoal it gently rolls;  
 For gently still, tho' with more freedom flies  
 The gale, now curling as it skims the flood.

Superb the scene, a wild contrasted group,  
 Attenuated thus by nature's skilful hand,

Can't

Can't fail to charm : With pleasing wonder struck,  
The soul enraptur'd feels the sweets of sense.

In magnitude or figure diff'ring wide,  
Each to the eye presents a novel view,  
While round her banks, fair rural seats, with glades  
And groves, rich meads, and flow'ry lawns, with trees  
Of stately growth, still more diversify  
The variegated scene.

Enough the muse,  
Whose humble genius, with romantic flight,  
And feeble wing, exploring nature's charms,  
Of scenery wild, thus vainly dares to soar  
And sing ; and with her pencil rude, to paint  
In glowing colours, beauties bright as these,  
And give the various tints of light and shade.

On those alluring objects doting caught,  
By inspiration false wildly misled,

E

With



With ardour fir'd, th' aspiring muse broke loose,  
 Bursting amain her wonted narrow bounds.  
 The chariot of the radiant God to drive,  
 And climb the steep ascent of Heaven's blue vault,  
 Through tracts unknown, and paths untried before ;  
 Rashly attempted Phaeton thus, and like  
 To Phaeton, falls the muse. The fev'rish fit  
 Now o'er, to her more humble strain returns.

Of less extent, variety still less,  
 Green meads, and pleasant valleys, interspers'd,  
 Within the bosom of those mountains lie,  
 Tho' scatter'd not with nature's liberal hand,  
 Nor ev'n of narrow dales, or dells, profuse.  
 But yet how great their consequence to man ?  
 When weather-beaten, weary, cold, and wet,  
 Here blessed in a screen'd sequester'd spot,  
 Snug in his humble hut, at rest he lies.

Oft here to cherish the enfeebled limbs,  
 And cheer the drooping soul with balmy rest,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd at their ease upon the mossy turf,  
 Beneath the ample shade of lusty oak,  
 Tho' pervious to the kind and genial warmth  
 Of solar ray, from chilly blasts secure,  
 Supinely laid, those hardy mountaineers,  
 Lull'd by the murmur of a neighb'ring brook,  
 Sunk in oblivion of all worldly care,  
 Enjoy, without disturbance or allay,  
 Elysium sweet of sound refreshing sleep,  
 And now invigorated rise, their toils  
 Or pastimes to renew. What royal bed,  
 Or titled pillow, such content of mind,  
 Such health of body, or repose can give?

To friendly converse form'd, the human mind,  
 Oft too by loneliness relax'd, acquires  
 For social intercourse an higher zest.  
 For deeds of manly prowess fam'd, the bow  
 Elastick, thus unstrung a while, new force  
 Obtains, again with sinew'd strength tight brac'd,  
 Twangs with redoubled vigour from the arm.

Hence



Hence what a cordial welcome to a guest,  
 Kindly beneath their hospitable roof,  
 How entertain'd the stranger from afar?

Let us not arrogantly then conclude  
 They are by Heav'n neglected or forgot:  
 They have their pastimes, and their pleasures too;  
 And with a moderate revenue there  
 Can live in affluent ease.

There mountains teem  
 With fowl of various wing and plumage, rich  
 In flavour, and of relish exquisite;  
 As wing or plumage, various is their taste.  
 In quest of those they roam o'er hill and dale,  
 Beat up the brake, explore the waters round,  
 With dog sagacious, and the deadly gun:  
 The noisy burst now thunders thro' the waste,  
 From rock to rock re-echoed far and wide,  
 And all the desert roars. O fatal knell!  
 Stop't short, and tumbling from their tow'ring flights,

Struck



Struck with unerring aim, precipitate  
 The helpless innocents unpitied fall.  
 (Such, and the like, are all the sportsman's joys,  
 Inur'd to blood, to labour and fatigue) :  
 But fall they must, or soon, or late; a death  
 More quick, what pitying hand can give, nor falls  
 A feather e'er without the Almighty will ;  
 For all that wing the liquid sky, pervade  
 The waters wide, or on earth's surface move,  
 Are destin'd for the food and use of man.

The timid, trembling, nimble footed roe,  
 The hart and hind, light bounding o'er the hill,  
 Now call the eager huntsmen to the field.  
 Slowly they mark their course, and to their haunts  
 Well known, in silence creeping, steal unseen.  
 In expectation of their wary prey,  
 For many a long and tedious hour, midst fern  
 Or rushes prone, they trembling lie conceal'd;  
 Full in their front the storm, if o'er the heath  
 A storm per chance should blow; forever thus

To windward of the dreaded danger keeps  
 The herd, eyes, ears, and nose, all on the scout.  
 But guile o'er caution oft prevails; at length  
 The with'd-for moment of approach arrives,  
 When by the fatal shot (now singled out  
 The fated victims) level'd at the head  
 Or heart, with keen intent to kill, some drop,  
 While others wounded fly: Anon the dogs  
 Are loos'd, of size gigantic, active strength,  
 And quick discerning eye, who fleet of foot,  
 The wounded game pursue; all on their legs  
 Spring up at once the huntsmen to the chase,  
 Ardent, and in directions various now  
 As leads the game, run scatt'ring o'er the heath.  
 Aloof the stately stag now bears away.  
 His wounds yet green, he scarcely feels the smart;  
 With head aloft he snuffs the fanning breeze,  
 With winged speed o'er mountains, vallies, sweeps,  
 And straining every nerve, outstrips the dogs  
 A while. Dauntless he braves the rapid flood,  
 And gains the further shore; but now begins,

In



In larger streams, the agitated blood  
 To flow, his eyes to swim, his branchy horns  
 To nod, while falt'ring in his pace, his fierce  
 Pursuers rattle at his heels. Alas!  
 Now reeling, blundering on, spent with fatigue,  
 The vital fountain almost drain'd, the keen,  
 The thirsty blood-hounds stay his weakly flight.  
 Here let us drop the curtain o'er his woes,  
 The wretched, noble animal expires.

    Last in the chace the huntsmen seek their way,  
 And breathless, panting, follow far behind.  
 Led by conjecture thro' the pathless waste,  
 Sometimes the bloody track directs their course,  
 Sometimes the deer-dogs stretching o'er the hill,  
 Thro' rivers, roughly rolling o'er the rocks,  
 Fearless they force their way, or headlong plunge  
 Into the stream, and stem the opposing tide.  
 Gladsome, at last, the field of death they spy,  
 And reach the long expected prize; the dogs

Salute



Salute their masters with a cheerful grin,  
 And barking, frisk about in frolic mood.  
 Stretch'd at his length the imperial victim lies,  
 Lord of the forest long without compeer,  
 And ev'ry beauteous loving hind his own \*  
 Matchless in strength, unequal'd in his speed,  
 The royal honours of his head yet strike  
 With pleasing awe; low laid those honours now  
 The clean and well proportion'd limbs expos'd  
 To vulgar view, till now but faintly seen,  
 Save by the select tribe: O piteous fate!  
 And emblem just of fallen majesty.

Now on the heath the huntsmen lay them down,  
 Their wearied limbs to rest a while, and all  
 The various fortune of the hurried chase  
 Recount with eager glee. Now all due rites  
 Perform'd,

\* The stag or hart, by dint of valour and strength, becomes the great sultan of the forest seraglio; so that none dare invade this prerogative of royalty, won by many a well-fought field, until another, of strength mature, takes the advantage of his declining age.

Perform'd, they straight for a retreat prepare,  
And with their booty joyful hie them home.

With fish, their brooks, their lakes, and rivers swarm,  
And near the pebbly margin of the main,  
Or on the sea-girt isle remote their seat,  
Where teeming Ocean yields her copious store,  
Long practis'd in the art, by many ways  
And wiles, they labour to ensnare, and seize  
The finny race, by hook, by net, or spear.

The lowing herds, the bleating fleshy flocks,  
The bristly swine are on their mountains bred.\*  
Full stor'd with these, they now with active hand  
Let fly the canvas, and the rudder guide,  
And in exchange for what their soil denies,  
Conveniencies, or luxuries of life.

G

The

\* The swine in the Highlands of Scotland are more bristly than any other, owing, perhaps, to their being more exposed to the weather, and the cold climate of the hills on which they range, so that it may be said they are bristly all o'er.



The surplus to a foreign mart they waft ;  
 Besides the sheep and kine, which yearly march  
 In troops to store Britannia's southern plains.

The mountain pine, the growth of northern climes,  
 Here rears his spiry head aloft in air ;  
 The hardy oak who bears the boistrous storm  
 Unmov'd, deep rooted in the earth, here spreads  
 His branches wide : The birch, sweet smelling tree,  
 The sycamore, the alder, ash, and elm,  
 The aspin, tall and straight, and many more  
 Of humbler growth, spring up spontaneous.  
 Nor does the soil to plants of foreign birth  
 Its nourishment refuse ; where to the sun  
 Expos'd, and shelter'd from the piercing blast,  
 Some vigorously shoot, and grow to full  
 Maturity ; while fruits of various kinds,  
 In spots thus favour'd, ripen to the wish :  
 In some, the downy peach, the apricot,  
 And nectarine, the flavour and the taste

Acquire,



Acquire \*, peculiar to a warmer clime.

The produce of the surface these.

Within

The bowels of those mountains lie conceal'd,

Of copper, silver, lead, the precious ores,

By accident, or human industry

Discover'd oft, and from the dreary womb

Of earth dragg'd upwards to the light of day.

To surface common, and at depths unseen,

Are many solid rocks of marble pure,

Which polish'd by the artist's nicer hand,

In solemn sadness decks the hero's tomb,

Or houses of the great and rich adorns ;

And

\* At Dunkeld, the seat of the Duke of Athole ; at Taymouth, the seat of the Earl of Braidalbine ; at Castle-Menzies, the seat of Sir Robert Menzies, Bart. ; all on the banks of the Tay : And even at Blair in Athole, another seat of the Duke's, though greatly exposed, several American, and other foreign trees, shoot up rapidly.

And fossils, that with cement firm bind close  
 The wall, or roof secure from angry storms:  
 While granites, compound rough of various hues,  
 Well worth a smoother face, and fairer forms,  
 Lie loosely scatter'd o'er the vacant heath.

Along the airy summit of the hill,  
 Nought but the azure sky beyond, here oft  
 The shaggy goat is seen, with rev'rend beard,  
 And solemn visage, wand'ring with his mates.  
 Now perch'd upon the peak, he gazes round,  
 Or active bounds from rock to rock; aghast  
 The stranger stares. In quest of pasture thus  
 They leap, and fearless climb those rocky wilds:  
 Of scent acute, skilful they call each herb  
 Salubrious, with gen'rous juice replete,  
 Whose potent virtues, mingling with their milk,  
 Contribute, with the salutary aid  
 Of pure air, the tainted lungs to heal,  
 Or hectic cough remove, the pallid youth,

Or

Or languid maid, to health, and beauty's bloom,  
To chearfulness, and vigour wont restore.

Ranging at large their herds and flocks they tend,  
And basking in the summer's sun, indulge  
The lazy sit, and lounging lie; while some  
Of blood more active, sprighaller spirit, find  
More rational amusement to beguile  
The lengthen'd day; when Phoebus' beams with heat  
Meridian glow, retiring to the gloom  
Of arched cave, or cooling fountain's brink,  
With foliage wide o'erspread, his legs across,  
In careless attitude, the mountain swain,  
Reclining on an aged trunk, adjusts  
The wooden tube, to crooked horn affix'd,  
And tremulous pipes out the rural lay;

Or

\* In place of the oaten reed, the rural instrument of the ancients, celebrated in classic song, the shepherds and cowherds in Scotland use a wooden pipe fixed into a heifer's horn, called the flock and the horn. But this, with other primitive customs, is wearing out.



Or fir'd with martial ardour, proudly struts,  
 And fiercely rattles in the tingling ear,  
 With bag-pipe loud and shrill, the jarring din  
 Of war.

In milder mood, with grief oppress'd,  
 To luckless love a prey, sad Colin fits  
 And sighs, and in wild melody pours forth  
 The plaintive moan, with bitter anguish wrung  
 For Sara's scorn; while from a neighb'ring copse,  
 Sadly responsive to the doleful dirge,  
 The mournful cooing stock-dove loudly plains.  
 But cease, fond hopeless youth, thy fate to wail,  
 And try to quench the slow consuming flame,  
 Nor seeming cruel blame the beauteous maid:  
 Like thine, her tender heart feels all the pangs  
 Of unrequited love; in iron chains  
 Another holds it fast, and galls and wrings  
 Its pliant ductile mould; unheard, unseen,  
 All night the unabating sighs and weeps,  
 The rising sorrow stifles all the day,

Shame

Shame ev'n forbids the conscious blush to rise,  
Lest it betray the secret of her heart.

To nightly shades thus Philomel retires,  
Amidst the silent gloom, from eye or ear  
The little warbler deems herself secure,  
While from her heaving breast, and swelling throat,  
Bursts forth the moving melancholy plaint,  
But stops her pipe and flies th' approach of day.

Sports Heaven thus with human misery?

Forbear presumptuous, nor proudly dare  
The will to challenge of Omniscent power;  
Unfit for other each, all gracious Heav'n  
Forbids their loves; thus blindly oft we run  
To our destruction prone, tho' absence oft  
With lenient hand, attempts by degrees  
The edge which recent cut so keen, and heals  
The rankling wound, and time insensibly  
The image of their woful loves veils o'er

With

With silken wing, till other loves succeed;  
Of brighter hue, with happier omens crown'd.

View careless Sawny, sauntering at his ease,  
Or seated on a stone, or stock, or turf,  
No matter what, or when, or where, the tramp\*,  
Faithful companion of his listless hours,  
With glee the clown uncases, to his lips  
The uncouth instrument applies; and twangs,  
A tune, or sings a sonnet to his Kate.

Beneath a birchen shade of grateful scent,  
Entwin'd with honeysuckle, breathing sweet,  
There Duncan, blooming as the rosy morn,  
His yellow tresses waving in the wind,  
Smiles on his cheek; contentment in his eye,  
With flexile fingers plies the flute, and notes  
Of tender love attun'd, and celebrates  
The joys which recent love has brought to pass.  
The image of their wonted joys will rise  
The image of their wonted joys will rise

\* The Scots call the Jew's harp a tramp.



Fair Flora's charms; of all the ambient hills  
 And dales, fair Flora, loveliest, mildest, maid,  
 Unsated with the subject of his song,  
 Th' enamour'd swain, now with his mellow voice  
 Harmonious breathes the tender notes again,  
 Which vibrate in her ear remote; unseen  
 She sits, and listens to the soothing sounds,  
 Melts to his music, and approves his love,  
 Yet blushes at her praise; while rocks and woods,  
 Delighted with the harmony, spread wide  
 The virgin's beauty, and her spotless fame.

O mighty Love, thou balm or bane of life,  
 Parent of human kind, of human bliss  
 Or woe, cautious we ought thy hallow'd ground  
 To tread, thy sacred altars not profane,  
 Nor dare, with lips unclean, or hearts impure,  
 In unbecoming mode approach thy shrine.  
 By caprice guided off, heedless we run,  
 Devoid of thought, respect, or reason, seek  
 Thee out, and offer up our hasty vows;

Rash vows the Deity indignant scorns,  
 And damns the impious deed with fruitless hopes,  
 Or such success as fiends would tremble at \*.

With rev'rence due, thy humble homage pay,  
 With zeal submissive, his protection crave,  
 And supplicate his aid, to guide, and waft  
 Thee smoothly to the wish'd-for coast; nor deem  
 The matter trifling to engage in love,  
 And barter hearts, precarious slippery wate.

Let reason steer the helm, and prudence cool,  
 With watchful eye acute, direct the sails;  
 For in Love's ocean, tides uncertain flow,  
 The winds and currents vary oft, and oft  
 Beneath lurk dang'rous quick-sands, shoals, and rocks.

While o'er the welkin, smiles and sunshine play,  
 The smooth unruffled wave, stretching beyond

The

\* See the marriage of Belphegor by Machiavel.

The limits of the eye, the glassy plain,  
 And all the Heav'ns serene, invite to soft  
 Security, and lull th' unweeting mind,  
 Trust not the calm deceitful face of things,  
 Trust to your wary guides, to them resign  
 Your fortunes and yourself ; for oft arise  
 Storms unexpected, roaring billows rage,  
 Or unseen dangers baffle all our hopes.  
 In steady concert join'd, these never err,  
 And safely to the port will thee at length  
 Conduct, of bliss domestic, peace and love.

From teat protuberant of cow, or goat,  
 Or sheep, wide wand'ring o'er the hill, to strain  
 The milky stream, boon nature's wholesome gift,  
 The beverage and food of infant life,  
 To manhood also nourishing and mild,  
 And from the simple liquid, to prepare  
 With simple art, the unctuous cream, or curd  
 Compact, for barren winter's store, is here  
 The province of the maids, who far from home

Remov'd,



Remov'd, in lonely huts wide scatter'd o'er  
The waste, here pass the summer-months unseen,  
At length now from afar, the jolly group  
Of mountain swains, and heath-born maids, conjoin  
In jovial glee, before the season ends  
The lone campaign, when all decamp with joy,  
And hasten to the vale.

Now on the turf

Reclin'd, a rural feast, such as the hills  
Afford, on nature's verdant carpet spread,  
Soon sates the hunger of the jocund band,  
While jests and harmless jeers are bandied round:  
The water from the limpid brook their thirst  
Allays; and now, clear as the crystal stream,  
Their native usquebaugh, in native shell \*,  
They quaff in bumpers, and each other pledge.  
The song now with the feast of shells goes round,

Now

\* The author has drunk out of a shell in the Highlands more than once.

Now the full chorus echoes from the woods  
 And rocks, and dies in distant notes along  
 The streamy vale.

At festivals in days  
 Of other times, the tuneful bards rehears'd  
 The mighty deeds of great Fingal, mild King  
 Of Morven's stormy hills, and Selma's towers,  
 And noble actions of his gallant sons;  
 Heroes renown'd in Caledonian song,  
 And Ossian's lays, in Gaulic garb array'd,  
 With simple nature for his guide alone,  
 Charm'd ev'ry ear, repeated by the old,  
 And lisped by the young, with martial glow  
 Their souls congenial fir'd at will, or sooth'd  
 Them to the softer virtues of mankind.

Thus Caledonia's bleak mountains bred  
 A race of heroes, gen'rous and humane;  
 But time and chance, that mighty states o'erturn,

And the great King, who reign'd in glory, lies  
 In the cold tomb, and his bones are cold.



This corner of the globe have likewise mark'd  
With sensible impressions of their power.

The bards are now no more; no more the voice  
Of mirth, as wont, resounds within the hall;  
The joy of grief, in mournful melody  
No longer melts the soul, nor feast of shells,  
Historical, instructive, social, warms  
The bosom, and dilates the heart of youth:  
Yet still some fragments of the sacred bard  
Are sung, but many more of later date;  
Of ancient usage still some tracks remain,  
Of former manners imitation faint.

While thus they revel, lest excess should stain  
The mirthful hour with rivalship in love,  
Or fell debate, up strike the fiddles, pipes,  
And flutes, and eke at length the swelling drone,  
With bellows heaving loud the hollow sound;  
As soon begins the dance, and now they wheel,  
And caper high, and frisk about, with step

Concordant



Concordant to the notes ; now Duncan joins  
 The sprightly dance, and with him Flora fair ;  
 With nimble foot and active limb they tread  
 The level sod ; the gaiety expands \*,  
 And universal seems ; at heart tho' sad,  
 Ev'n Colin smiles, and Sara for a while  
 The face of mirth assumes.

To try their arm,  
 Offensive and defensive, 'gainst the foe,  
 And prove the succour of the tender maid,  
 Who to their kind protection yields her charms,  
 The oaken cudgel now they grasp, and bid  
 Defiance in the lifted field. Forth step  
 The party-colour'd heroes, great in arms,  
 To show their martial skill ; and now arrang'd,  
 With arm to arm oppos'd, th' assault begins ;  
 Each singling out his man, with nimble step  
 Attacks, with nimble step retreating, springs,

\* The Highlanders are fond of music and dancing.

Now aims a blow, as artfully eludes:  
 Assailing now at once, with action warm,  
 The battle thickens, cudgels clatter quick;  
 While many hearty blows are dealt in vain,  
 Some slightly touch, the fair begin to scream,  
 And all exclaim, Enough brave youths, enough  
 For present sport, bright beam of future fame:  
 Attentive to a female voice, their arms  
 Uplifted keen, drop harmless at the sound.

Now Duncan stately steps within the ring,  
 At random takes a cudgel up, and calls  
 Aloud, Will any try another tilt?

With modest mean advancing, Colin mild  
 Salutes him with his staff; the compliment  
 Return'd, they skilfully take up their ground,  
 And stand with open air, in attitude  
 Prepar'd to give or ward a blow, and look  
 Defiance bold: Up Duncan briskly moves,  
 While Colin quick retires; then shifts his ground,

And



And in his turn assails; but bootless yet  
 Th' attempt on either side: A sudden stroke,  
 With eager warmth at Colin's elbow aim'd,  
 Falls harmless at his heel; and now ensues  
 A fiercer onset 'twixt the rival swains,  
 With equal ardour, equal art oppos'd.  
 While emulous they wage a doubtful war,  
 Fair Flora reddens for her swain's success;  
 Torn with suspense, her anxious bosom heaves,  
 Her heart beats high, starts at that hasty blow,  
 Then pale and trembling almost sinks to earth.

The combatants now breathe a while, and view  
 Each other sily with more searching eye:  
 At Colin's head now Duncan makes a feint,  
 And levels at his side th' inverted blow,  
 Obliquely parried, but with feeble force,  
 It falls on Colin's leg, and smarts the swain:  
 With shame he blushes, nettled to the quick,  
 And keenly bent to weaken Duncan's arm,  
 He threat'ning brandishes his trusty staff.

L

Then



Then fousing rapid with a falcon's speed,  
 Is stop'd in mid career, yet with the blow  
 Th' opponent weapon, faithless, breaking short,  
 Now Duncan blushes, in his turn abash'd,  
 His shoulders shrugs, and smiling shakes his head,  
 Repenting of his rashly trusting thus  
 A random staff. Back Colin steps, and bows,  
 And drops his point, while Mary's cheeks confess  
 The rising flame, first flutt'ring at her heart.  
 With loud acclaim our gallant heroes close  
 The pastimes of the day, a single dance  
 Excepted, ere they part \*.

OF  
 \* The author has not here attempted to describe the manners of the gentry, or people of fortune: There is such a similitude of manners among persons of that rank, that it would have afforded very little entertainment, or variety, to the reader; now, especially, as great roads are made by government through the Highlands, their country is almost every where accessible, so that the intercourse between the Highlands, and the other parts of Britain, is become frequent; regiments, with their officers, are quartered in garrisons there through the year; their Chiefs and gentlemen travel

Of sunshine these  
 In autumn mild the sports ; for oft expos'd  
 To ev'ry storm that blows, and pours from rough  
 Inclement skies, amid the horrid hills,  
 From friendly covert of impending rock,  
 Or shade, or hut, at distance far remov'd,  
 The blast they boldly brave, and patiently  
 Submit to nature's ruthless sway. But here  
 For their distress humanity must feel,  
 By unrelenting law robb'd of the plaid \*,  
 For many ages worn by Scotia's sons.

This

travel more abroad ; and many of them enter into the army, or betake themselves to some civil profession or employment. Even the driving of their cattle, annually, southward, and into England, since the union, has had an effect upon their manners. Taking all together, the difference now is so immaterial, that it is not worth a particular recital.

\* An act, disarming the Highlanders for a certain number of years, and prohibiting the Highland dress, passed in the 19th of George the II.; renewed again, with some alterations, in the 21st of said reign, and likewise the 33d year. The disarming seems now to be remov'd ; but the restraint on the dress still continues.

This Celtic garb, the comfortable plaid,  
 That screen'd alike from winter's chilly blast,  
 And summer's scorching heat, the wand'ring swain\*,  
 Now from his shoulders torn, defenceless leaves  
 To ev'ry change of an uncertain clime.  
 This plaid, the produce of their fleecy store,  
 Their cloak by day, their coverlet by night,  
 Home spun, and manufactur'd by the wife,  
 The father, and the child; a grateful work,  
 To pass the tedious winter night untir'd,  
 Or gloomy blust'ring day, was once their care;  
 Now what can shepherds do, coopt up at home  
 For almost half the year? This stern decree  
 Binds them in breeches too, their lasting hate;  
 Confin'd, they cannot stretch their limbs as wont,  
 And wading through the deep or dashing stream,  
 The water soaks thro' this unpleasant garb,  
 And scalds their skin, or freezes in the cold.

#### **Strait'ned**

\* Frequently during the heat of the day, they used to lie down with  
 their plaid loosely spread over them; or stretched between two poles, or  
 sticks, fixed in the ground, and lay on the shadowed side.



Strait'ned with ligatures, with pain they climb  
 The hill, or scramble o'er the mountain's brow,  
 And with slow steps descend; the blood denied  
 A free and easy passage, swells the veins;  
 The sinews to the utmost tension stretch'd,  
 Are, with endurance painful, apt to start.

Oft now the chace escapes their vain pursuit,  
 Dispirited and faint they lag behind.  
 What labour and fatigue to follow now  
 Their flocks, or seek them out, wand'ring on some  
 Far distant hill? Perhaps when found, they fly,  
 And mock their tardy step. Here nature feels  
 A double weight of woe; 'tis not the limbs  
 Alone are pain'd, the mind is sorely gall'd.  
 Loud in reproaches their resentments rise  
 Against the authors of this rigid law:  
 Weak, pusillanimous, unworthy sure  
 The liberal soul of Britain's warlike sons,  
 To dread a corner of her wide domain,  
 And gall with fetters those that breathe her air.

M.

Britons.

Britons humane, repeal th' ungracious act,  
 For Britain's honour, and for Britain's weal.  
 Why to her subjects, loyal now approv'd,  
 A boon earn'd by their gallant deeds refuse?  
 With filial zeal, in support of her rights,  
 Her battles in each distant clime they fight,  
 Wishing for amity with Britain's sons,  
 And yet to them that amity denied:  
 Brothers by nature, and by common laws,  
 The marks of your displeasure still they wear.

This realm, a-part did not kind nature form  
 For kindred people bound by social ties?  
 To counteract design so just and wise,  
 Who could e'er doubt is folly to a height,  
 And madness in extreme? Delusion fly,  
 As broils, and blood, and misery, must ensue.  
 By sad experience taught, those mountaineers  
 This fatal truth acknowledge with a sigh,  
 Misled by prejudice, by tyranny  
 Oppress'd, blind dupes of such unruly guides!

What

What then could wisdom hope from ignorance  
 So train'd? To this their former faults impute,  
 And not as crimes their errors past pursue.

When Britain's sons, obedient to her laws,  
 Her mild protection claim, and fighting court  
 A parent's love long lost, their humble suit  
 Will she inflexible deny, among  
 Her children still distinctions odious make \*,  
 Step-mother like, and drive them to despair?  
 Britain's bold genius, generous as wise,  
 With Heav'n-born soul, will scorn the thought as mean,  
 Unnatural, impolitic, unjust,  
 And from her freedom-breathing statutes blot  
 An act so adverse to their wonted strain.

Whence

\* This may give occasion to a piece of witticism, alledging, that it is to remove distinctions their dress is taken from them; but it surely is a distinction to restrain theirs, and allow the other inhabitants of Britain to wear what fantastick dress they please; not to mention the militia, which is denied to Scotland.



Whence now these emigrations from the north  
 To people distant lands ? Subject 'tis true  
 To Britain's mighty power, extended far  
 Beyond the Tropic bound, on either side,  
 A mighty empire, but a cumbrous load \*.

In troops, like trav'ling Patriarchs of old,  
 Man, woman, child, and infant on the breast,  
 The piteous wretches on their woeful march  
 With sorrow have I seen, and with their fate  
 Have mourn'd my country's loss, in evil hour.  
 Untimely of her progeny bereft.  
 The feather'd race, robb'd of their callow brood,  
 Their little throats to screams of loud complaint  
 And bitter lamentation stretch ; but here  
 No bitter lamentation, loud complaint,

Is

\* So cumbrous indeed, that it would be more for the interest of Britain to be without such a large extent of distant continent, as that of America, which must ever occupy the time and thoughts of King, ministers, and parliament, in so much, that the internal strength of the kingdom may be neglected.

Is heard thro' Britain's isle; nought but a few  
 Low murmurs, that perhaps may never reach  
 The distant ear of Britain's gracious Prince.

Unnotic'd and unfelt, her strength impair'd,  
 Of numbers yearly thinn'd, who croud her ports,  
 And boldly trust their fortunes to the winds,  
 That may not Albion's bleak hills alone,  
 But even her richest vales depopulate;  
 For wide extends this epidemic rage.\*

N Ye

\* Had not the American rebellion put a stop to it, God knows where it would have ended. Britain could not long have born such a drain: Weakened and depopulated, it might at last have become a province to France. Let us always have Spain in our eye, who, to procure the riches of that part of the globe, and secure her possessions there, empowered and depopulated the mother country. For which reason, if this rebellion shall end happily for Britain, I think we should be cautious of giving grants of land to the subjects of Britain, and colonizing those distant acquisitions, as, in a generation or two, their children will be as much alienated from the parent state, as Germans or Dutch.

Ye great proprietors, Lords of those hills,  
 By avarice, destructive of its aim,  
 Impell'd, regardless of the suppliant cries  
 Of kindred blood \*, or those whose fathers have,  
 For ages past, rented their fathers lands,  
 Submitting to the rigour of the clime,  
 Contented with their lot ; unable now  
 Those barren lands, so highly priz'd, to hold,  
 Reluctant to forsake their native home,  
 Deaf to their prayers, unfeeling to their tears,  
 The muse who feels for others woes, and joins  
 In sympathetic sorrow with the sad,  
 Would gladly grasp the thought, that from no source,  
 Hateful like this, such fatal mischiefs flow.

♦ The Highlanders are divided into tribes or clans, and having, for many  
 ages past, had little intercourse with other nations, or the other inhabitants  
 of Britain, many of them are descended of the family of the Chieftan, or  
 Lord of the manor, by marriage, or otherwise.



Nor now th' oppression of despotic chiefs  
 (Whose feudal rights annull'd\*) can longer hold  
 In constant bonds, their vassals as their slaves.  
 The sweets of liberty they now enjoy,  
 If, thus confin'd, her sweets can relish pure,  
 Or if to cramp the limbs, and disregard  
 The body's ease, deserve the sacred name.

A pointer stanch, of genuine breed, I have,  
 Bold, active, stout, and eager after game;  
 The lash I ne'er apply, save when beyond  
 All measure by his rampant tricks provok'd:  
 But, lest around he wildly range and prowl,  
 A heavy clog his cumber'd step retards.  
 Stung with no warm desire, a harmless bird  
 To kill, scarce once a year I take the field;  
 Hence almost all the tedious seasons round  
 Th' unwieldy clog poor Caesar drags along,

And the inhabitants of the Hebrides, or western isles, which lie along the  
 Highland coast, all of whom speak the same language, and wore the same

\* By the act abolishing the heritable jurisdictions in Scotland, passed in the  
 year 1746.

And frets and growls. How shameful the abuse  
 Of power ! To Caesar more attention give,  
 Try other means to moderate his fire,  
 And to his genius give the proper bent.  
 Humane the thought, for heedless I have play'd  
 The tyrant long, and will from bondage free  
 The prisoner straight. 'Tis done, see with what joy  
 The grateful animal repays the deed.  
 To liberty all nature has a claim,  
 I give to Caesar, what is Caesar's due.

Alike unqualified at ease to live,  
 And pleasures of their native soil enjoy,  
 Those hardy islanders and mountaineers\*;  
 At constant enmity this modern race  
 With climate, site, and natives of the hill.

Reflects

\* The inhabitants of the Hebrides, or western isles, which lie along the  
 Highland coast, all of whom speak the same language, and wore the same  
 invariable dress with their neighbours on the eastern coast of Britain.

Restless they loathe their dwelling erst belov'd,  
 Robb'd of th' essential joy of life, the dear  
 Sweet liberty of rambling at their ease,  
 And inoffensive acting as they list,  
 From present harm, from consequence secure.

Think, Britons, think to whom are due the rights  
 Of brotherhood and love, redress the wrongs  
 And grievances of injur'd simple men ;  
 'Tis like true Britons nobly to forgive,  
 And win their brethren by humanity.

Proud of their antient garb, the warm regard  
 Indulge, while emulous the virtuous strife,  
 They vie with Britons in their gen'rous fire,  
 And act like heroes worthy of their race,  
 That in this motled garb, with patriot zeal,  
 With nervous limb, and vig'rous arm, defy'd  
 Th' embattled legions of all conqu'ring Rome\*.

O

Deem

\* The warlike and unconquerable spirit of the antient Caledonians, and  
 the



Deem them not then the meanest of our isle,  
 For courage, fortitude, and temperance,  
 By site and climate bred for hardy deeds,  
 For suffrance and fatigue, which brace the nerves,  
 Give sinews to the limbs, and to the soul  
 Its strength. Hence sailors stout, and soldiers brave,  
 For Britain's glory and defence. Thus wild  
 And barren though their mountains seem, with aid  
 Of Ocean they no trifling produce yield.

In

the successful inroads they made upon the Roman province in South Britain, are evident from the lines of fortifications made for its protection. One by Antoninus, between the frith of Forth and Clyde, and the other by Severus, between the rivers Tyne in Northumberland, and the Solway frith. See the heroic sentiments put into the mouth of Galgacus by the historian Tacitus, in the life of Agricola.

The Highland Chieftans, though sometimes troublesome to the state, and oftener to their neighbours, by these means kept up the warlike spirit of the clans. Those lawless practices are now effectually and happily suppressed; but the martial ardour, so useful to a state, is likely to decline, if not kept alive. To this, also, their dress greatly contributed, by keeping in remembrance their antient boasted origin.

In the great chain of being, thus they form  
 No inconsiderable link, and bear,  
 In Britain's scale, no unimportant weight.

Off with their fetters then, restore the plaid  
 And philabeg, and unrestrain'd again,  
 Suffer to roam, and lightly climb the hill:  
 Their manly breasts, with gratitude inflam'd,  
 Your well plac'd confidence will justify.

Nature to all her influence benign  
 Extends; and nought by Heav'n, beneficent,  
 All wise, created ever was in vain.  
 Heav'n then, and nature, follow for your guides,  
 Your councils let humanity direct,  
 And wisdom give her sanction to your laws.  
 Invite their stay, and to their state averse  
 Them reconcile; their solace and delight  
 Hence make their home; no solace and delight  
 So genuine and sincere: Some useful work,

That

That may the year around their hands employ,  
 As place or genius suits, with foresight plan.  
 By well-judg'd boons to industry incite  
 Such as their labour cheerly will repay,  
 And to their country, for a mother's care,  
 Afford a lasting tribute in return \*.

But

\* As the country, in general, is incapable of cultivation, and cannot produce sufficiency of materials for manufactures, they should be provided with materials of the lightest kind, on account of the expence of carriage to the more inland parts, such as flax and wool, which may be given them, and returned by weight; the former to spin into yarn, for which they should be paid according to quality, the latter to prepare and make into stockings, which the men, as well as the women, could knit, even when tending their herds or flocks; these, likewise, they should be paid for according to their value. And when, by practice, they arrive at some degree of perfection in the manufacture, may furnish the army in stockings, which they cannot conveniently use themselves, as the heath, course grass, and waters, which they frequently meet with, destroy them: The plaid hose are in that country the proper covering for the legs. And those that live in the isles, and near the coast, should be more encouraged in fishing, which would add to the number of our seamen; for, though government has bestowed some favour upon them, with respect to the salt by which the fish are cured, yet, it

is



But lest malevolence, with envious eye,  
Should look askance, to blast Britannia's blest,  
And these her noble purposes defeat,  
Of busy and ambitious Rome beware,

P

That

is well known, this consideration is so trifling, that it has little or no influence upon their industry. Their labour thus attended to and repaid, would introduce more specie among them, which is much wanted; and, having a certain market for the fruits of their labour, they would with alacrity proceed and improve; when, probably such a spirit of industry might prevail, and being enabled by their gains, they would purchase the materials themselves, and carry on trade and manufactures on their own bottom. Were they encouraged and supported thus, the author is persuaded they would never think of transporting themselves to the distant shores of America.

The woods in the Highlands are likewise an object meriting the attention of the legislature. It is certain from history, and vestiges almost every where to be found, that this part of the island was once covered with wood; but by neglect, mismanagement, and casualty, many of those now remaining are fallen into decay. The cattle are suffered to crop the rising shoots; and, frequently the trees are cut breast high (as is done in America) for firewood, and other uses, or stripped of their bark for some particular purpose. If these practices are continued, the inhabitants, in several places where they have no other fuel, must at length be deprived of it altogether.

The

That with unwearied zeal, her dire attempts,  
 Or subtle wiles, ne'er ceases to enlarge  
 Her power, or lost predominance regain.  
 Abroad her missionaries sends, with prayers  
 And dispensations, absolutions, gifts,  
 With relicks, beads, and all the mimic show  
 Of false devotion, to ensnare the young,

Th'

The pines are, in some parts of the country, remarkably tall and large, fit for masts to ships of the first rate; but, at a distance from navigable rivers, of little value. But, as the country abounds in lakes and rivers, and the pines of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark may fail, and have already in some measure failed, by the great demand of late years, and America may be lost to Britain, it may some time hence be thought worth while, if not necessary, to be at some expence and pains in floating them; and care ought to be taken to propagate them where they have the advantage of water carriage, or canals could be made for that purpose. As the oaks are here only valued for their bark, few are allowed to grow to any considerable size, being mostly copse-wood; but, where preserved, many of them the author has seen fit almost for any use; even the bark is of itself a considerable article, and has risen greatly in its price of late years.

Th' unwary, and the ignorant. A large  
 Uninterrupted range those wilds afford  
 The seeds of superstition thus to sow,  
 And tenets baneful to Britannia's peace,  
 Repugnant to her liberty and laws,  
 Into the weak untutor'd mind instill.

Give them instructors then their youth to teach,  
 The ignorant and foolish to inform,  
 And guide th' unwary in the slippery paths,  
 Those artful instruments to counteract,  
 Insidiously who skulk and prowl about,  
 And whispering in th' unguarded ear, betray \*.

Attend,

\* The churches in several parts of the Highlands are so thinly planted, that it is impracticable for the greater part of the parishioners to attend Divine worship, or the ministers to visit or instruct them in their duty: And, though there is a government-fund for the establishment of schoolmasters, this is not sufficient; Ministers are much wanted; so that the Romish missionaries swarm among them, and have chapels in the remote parts of the country.



Attend, ye Britons wife, to Briton's weal,  
 Her interest, as duty bids, your first  
 And last concern. Let social love prevail,  
 Filial parental warmth; absorb'd in these,  
 All other loves: But spurious, to her peace,  
 Stability, and happiness, lukewarm;  
 Let them ne'er harbour in a Briton's breast.

Confess'd of old, let Britain own this truth,  
 No guards and pillars of a state are like  
 Sound policy and social harmony.

Thus fortified, in cordial union join'd,  
 In native strength secure, with confidence  
 She may her foes defy, their insults check,  
 Their dark designs defeat, attacks repell,  
 And reign for ages mistress of the main.

Attracted to her centre, justly pois'd,  
 Firm and compact like the terrestrial globe,

Let

Let Britain move within her orbit through  
 The wide expanse; and as she glides amid  
 Her sister planets, mutual benefits  
 Receive, and shed with mildly beaming ray:  
 Not as a comet, dazzling with its blaze,  
 Eccentric fly, and spec'latively mad  
 With projects wild and boundless, send her sons  
 To people distant regions of the moon,  
 That causeless may, like lunatics, disturb  
 Her peaceful reign, blast her big hopes, and midst  
 Her glory great, extinguish all her flame \*.

Q

\* The situation of Britain is adapted to commerce: She has not men  
 enow for the retention of wide extended dominion with safety to herself.  
 Commercial islands, and sea-ports on the continent, garrisoned with her own  
 troops, to protect her trade, are the only dominions she ought to aim at.  
 These islands can never be so united as to rise in rebellion together, and give  
 her any disturbance. And, by maintaining a proper balance between the  
 landed and commercial interest, guarding against the increase of corrup-  
 tion, and being attentive to her internal strength, she may yet shine with  
 unrivaled



unrivalled lustre for many ages to come, enjoy peace and wealth at home, mediatrix of Europe, and mistress of the main. But, if ever she aims at great conquest and dominion, or endeavours to engross the trade carried on by the other European states, all Europe will look upon her with a jealous eye, become her secret enemy, and take the first favourable opportunity to break with her, and humble her power: And if, in the former of these views, she obtains her end, *mole sua ruabit*, as many powerful empires have done before her. If in the latter, let Phœnicia and Carthage speak, if they could. Their riches by luxury debilitated their bodies, enervated their minds, and made them a prey to their enemies.

Mere merchants never made good soldiers. Only attached to their country, so far as without exposing them to bodily danger or fatigue, it procures them wealth, and secures them in the possession of it. For if the structure is like to fall about their ears, they do not endeavour to prop or repair it, but, as it is said of rats, desert the tottering edifice, when it requires the greatest exertion of public spirit to preserve from ruin the ancient national domicile. They verify that saying in scripture, 'riches take to themselves wings;' but where they fly with them I care not, since with them they fly their country, when most it needs their aid. After shaking off the Spanish yoke, could Holland have so long existed as a free state, were it not the interest of the powers of Europe to keep her from being overwhelmed by her neighbours, and to suffer her to struggle with the irruption of her neighbouring waves? Thus, by a singular circumstance, she safely steers between



between Scylla and Charibdis; whereas men of landed property and possessions will, it is reasonable to think, defend them to the last. I will not say that they can boast a superiority of merit in this; interest is the great cement of society; and, luckily, theirs is closely connected with that of their country, and with it must rise or fall. Deprive them not therefore of their influence in the state; and tax them not so as to render their property and possessions precarious, or of little avail, otherwise they may be tempted to dispose of them to the best bidder, and fly to America, inimical to taxation.

F I N I S.

whereas the said Charles, whereas man of land, property and  
rights will be responsible to think, defend, clear to the law. I will not  
say that I am not a responsibility of man in this interest in the great  
interest of the said Charles, that is clearly connected with that of their  
country, and with it with the whole. I desire then not to be of their  
interest in this land, and then not to be to protect their property and  
possessions, and this is what I wish they may be compelled to  
dignity of them to be self-better, and by so America, instead in law  
don.

E I N I 2

